




Self-knowledge



trollcatz

 [trollcatz](#)

<https://trollcatz.livejournal.com/2008-03-30> 10:56:00

LOCATION: closer to fine

MOOD:  Heeeee.

MUSIC: Fighting Over Shotgun - "The Never Never"

So T. and I are sitting over brunch. I'm explaining the life lessons of climbing in between bites of omelette. She's staring at my banged-up swollen knuckles.

Suddenly she sits bolt upright, eyes wide. "Oh, my god," she says. "It's all so clear now. How did I miss this? You're a *jock*."

I apologized. She assured me she'd always wanted to date one, and ordered me a mimosa. *g*



Thank you

This is Patricia Andreoli, wife of Daphne Worth, who you all knew as Trollcatz. Daphne died

...And there goes the weekend

But hey, we got a day and a half of this one! And I got to sleep in for two whole mornings. Too bad

As a law enforcement professional--

56 comments



 [cvillette](#)

[March 30 2008, 18:14:00 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

Which life lessons are those? Try not fall off? The holds are never as good as you hope they are? Use your feet?



 [trollcatz](#)

[March 30 2008, 19:13:18 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

Those are good, too! (Especially "use your feet." That might have made her aerosolize muffin, though, and I was in range. *g*)



 [cvillette](#)

[March 30 2008, 19:17:14 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Stand up on it? Slopers suck?

Come on, give me a little sugar here....



 [trollcatz](#)

[March 30 2008, 19:22:02 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

It feels silly to tell *you*. You've been doing this for forever. It would be like someone who just discovered "Citizen Kane" saying to Anthony Lane, "Hey, did you know he was totally based on *William Randolph Hearst*???"



 [cvillette](#)

[March 30 2008, 19:24:01 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Hello. You're the introspective one, remember?

(I'm the hot one. Wonder Woman is the tough one. Wabbit is the smart one.)



 [trollcatz](#)

[March 30 2008, 19:33:54 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

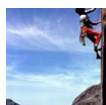
We should be in a comic book! (Marvel or DC?)



 [cvillette](#)

[March 30 2008, 19:42:18 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

totally noticed you dodging the question



 [trollcatz](#)

[March 30 2008, 21:05:34 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Oh, all right. Three lessons so far. (I wonder if these *stop* being the lessons later on, and some other lessons take their place?)

1. You can stop and rest, but you can't just stop. Even if you're comfortable and secure, you have to find the next hold and go for it.
2. It's not a step, it's a *route*. You plan for the thing that comes after the thing you're working on doing. (Otherwise known as, quote, That Handhold Has Consequences, unquote. *g*)
3. The only way to get past the hard part is to give it everything you've got. And when you do, the everything is always more than you thought you had.

Hey, I must be onto something. That earned me a mimosa. *g*



 [cvillette](#)


[March 30 2008, 21:35:28 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

Huh.

You're right.



 [trollcatz](#)

[March 30 2008, 22:44:57 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

#2 sort of crystallized when Tasha said that. (I love the voice she says stuff like that in. The polar opposite of "I told you so.")



 [cvillette](#)

[March 30 2008, 22:50:37 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

The Hold Has Consequences.

Sometimes they're good.

 [txanne](#)

[March 30 2008, 22:17:09 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

Oh, boy. #2 struck a raw nerve, so thank you. (And BTW, can I just _stop_ with the fricken personal growth now? Do. Not. Want.)



 [trollcatz](#)

[March 30 2008, 22:41:31 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

Answer to question in parentheses is "See #1," I think. But I hear ya. Much sympathy. Remember #3.

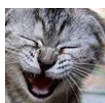
 [uffer](#)

[March 31 2008, 21:01:41 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

May I offer a corollary to #1? I seem to have picked it up from a steel re-enactment group I used to be with, and it basically boils down to, 'the only way out is through'. Once you're in the fight, you either win it, or... not.

I am most certainly not a climber, but I gather that back down is a lot harder than up? Like that.



 [trollcatz](#)

[March 31 2008, 21:06:47 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

Actually, no, not so much. Because part of climbing is to keep trying things that are so hard you can't possibly do them.

So you fail.

A lot.

And then after you fall off you get back up and try it again.

That's what the rope or the crash pad is for.

 [uffer](#)

[April 1 2008, 09:53:54 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Hmm. I guess the major difference between the two paradigms would lie in how you define and deal with the getting it wrong and falling off part. When it went wrong for us, because as a group we didn't wear armour or helmets, we had to be fairly certain that we could recover or at least mitigate it before somebody got a lump of steel solidly in the hurty bits. So we were very much about control above all else, because people still have to get up and go to work tomorrow.

Trying to do the impossible was more in the area of taking on one of the old hands with their own favoured weapon - you can learn a lot while somebody's wiping the floor with you, and eventually you're good enough that the guy has to put down his cigarette and put on his other glove to fight you.

I was thinking about this last night falling asleep, and I'm sure I made more sense then.

Thanks for the extra explanation, it's given me something to chew on for a bit.



 [trollcatz](#)

[April 1 2008, 12:12:08 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Right. The point of the safeguards is so that you can risk max effort, and see what you really can do if you hold nothing back.

There are people who free solo. (Climb alone, without ropes.)

I suspect they don't take quite as many crazy leaps of faith. Or if they do, they don't live long.

 [uffer](#)


[April 1 2008, 13:30:15 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

The closest we ever came to being able to do that was when we were using shinai; the blows still had to be pulled, but not as much, and because they're bamboo and

not steel they move so much faster and more instantly controllably that your reflexes /really/ got a workout. Unfortunately, 'all out' still had to include a degree of recovery room. It felt rather like balancing something very unstable and moving it very very fast, (hopefully) without dropping anything.

Free soloing sounds scary even to watch. I freely confess to being a recovering adrenaline junkie, but that's so far beyond me that it might as well be another planet.



 [trollcatz](#)

[April 2 2008, 00:19:46 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

I think there are different kinds of adrenaline junkie.

I love me some adrenaline.

I love the kind that comes from racing to beat the clock, or from climbing with a rope. But it's got to be no holds barred: I don't think live steel would work for me.

I used to fight SCA, heavy list, rattan. And I loved it, because it was safe enough that if you remembered not to hit the knee, everything was gold. I don't think live steel would work for me, and I know fencing doesn't. There's a balance of safety--enough that you really really commit--and risk that does it for me.

Sure, top rope and bouldering are safe.


Until you break a bone or tear a tendon.

I have a friend who can't get his fix, though, unless it's really life or death.

 [uffer](#)

[April 2 2008, 10:19:13 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

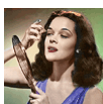
That has to be worrying. You and he both have my sympathy.

 [mearn4d10](#)

[May 4 2008, 20:19:42 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

This here? So. Very. Analogous. To. My. Life.

I need better crash pads/ropes...



 [Ometotchtli](#)


[March 30 2008, 19:35:26 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

So I'm Reed Richards and WW is...Ben Grimm?

I'm so telling.



It's Clobberin' Time!

 **cvillette**

March 30 2008, 19:40:29 UTC COLLAPSE

Totally.

Only *hawt*.

Hey, the Thing is the best thing about the FF. And always has been.

 **Ometotchtli**

March 30 2008, 19:18:32 UTC COLLAPSE

I, too, wish for you to share the enlightenment.

See what I miss by spending my Saturday warm and indoors learning new and interesting ways of hacking everyday consumer electronic devices? (Oh, and eating apple cobbler.)

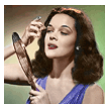


 **cvillette**

March 30 2008, 19:21:29 UTC COLLAPSE

Apple.... cobbler?

0.0



 **Ometotchtli**

March 30 2008, 19:23:47 UTC COLLAPSE

That was the vegetable course. *g*



 **cvillette**

March 30 2008, 19:24:37 UTC COLLAPSE

Soooo.... what are you doing tonight?



 **Ometotchtli**

March 30 2008, 19:32:57 UTC COLLAPSE

If I tell you the cobbler's all gone, do you still want to know? =:+)}

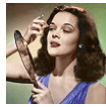


 **cvillette**

March 30 2008, 19:44:35 UTC COLLAPSE

You're backwards.

You only like me because I feed you.



 [Ometotchtli](#)

[March 30 2008, 20:39:46 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

That's silly. Why would you think I'm backwards?




 [cvillette](#)

[March 30 2008, 20:44:20 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

'cuz you suggest that I only like you because you have cobbler.

Silly wabbit.




 [Ometotchtli](#)

[March 30 2008, 21:07:24 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

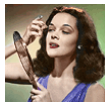
Gotcha.



 [trollcatz](#)

[March 30 2008, 21:08:09 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

GAH! Stop that!



 [Ometotchtli](#)

[March 30 2008, 21:09:37 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

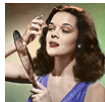
Stop what?



 [trollcatz](#)

[March 30 2008, 21:11:08 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

You're *trying* to sound like Duke, aren't you? *g*



 [Ometotchtli](#)

[March 30 2008, 22:47:30 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Platypus still hasn't noticed. More coffee for you, young man!

Also, I'm making more cobbler. Anyone who wants to drive up here can help destroy the finished product.

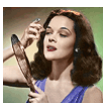


 [cvillette](#)

[March 30 2008, 22:51:36 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Inbound.

Can I bring Tasha?




 [Ometotchtli](#)

[March 31 2008, 00:55:27 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Awwwww. My peeps are here. And fed. Life is good.



 [trollcatz](#)

[March 31 2008, 01:05:41 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

waddles

Come on, break out the Scrabble board....

There's five of us, but that's easy to handle. The losers of the first game have to play Chaz.



 [cvillette](#)

[March 31 2008, 01:10:48 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

I M FEERD!




 [ace_cub_reportr](#)

[March 31 2008, 04:13:17 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

It's not news that your peeps are Fed.

Although now I have the image of heavily armed lavender marshmallow bunnies.



 [trollcatz](#)

[March 31 2008, 05:15:04 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)


Is me! Waddling.

Well, no, really, Wabbit is the lavender bunny. I'm a classic yellow chick.

(That didn't sound at all the way I meant it to...)

(Do not play Scrabble with the Platypus.)



 [ace_cub_reportr](#)

[March 31 2008, 10:44:40 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

"I'm a classic yellow chick."


Mais oui, ma belle. You are one of the most classic chicks it has ever been my pleasure to etcetera.

"(Do not play Scrabble with the Platypus.)"

Do not teach your grandmother to suck eggs. So how big was the point spread?

(And now I must go for a run, somewhere where there are flowering things. For of my threescore years and ten, five and fifty will not come again--)



 [trollcatz](#)

[March 31 2008, 15:27:50 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

So how big was the point spread?

Massacre! Not one stone left on stone! Our villages were burned and salt sowed in the fields!

And Scrabble is the *only* time he exults. It's hilarious.

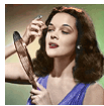


 [cvillette](#)

[March 31 2008, 15:29:24 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

****And Scrabble is the *only* time he exults****

Well, you should *know* better! *exults*



 [Ometotchtli](#)

[March 31 2008, 15:35:53 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Pumping the invisible air horn when you got the bingo across two triple word scores may have been a little excessive.



 [cvillette](#)

[March 31 2008, 15:53:17 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

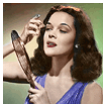
It's the only time you're jealous of my lame superpower.



 [trollcatz](#)

[March 31 2008, 15:55:53 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Scrabble is not a lame superpower, sweetie.



 [Ometotchtli](#)

[March 31 2008, 15:34:20 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

I admit, Maryland in the spring is kinda pretty.

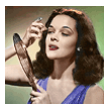
If the frikkin rain doesn't knock all the blossoms off.



 [ace_cub_reportr](#)

[March 31 2008, 15:36:40 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

If you don't learn to run in the rain, you'll never learn to run at all.




 [Ometotchtli](#)

[March 31 2008, 15:54:46 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

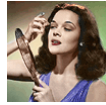
I ran all the way across the parking lot this morning.



 [ace_cub_reportr](#)

[March 31 2008, 15:56:13 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

And in those shoes!




 [Ometotchtli](#)

[March 31 2008, 16:06:53 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

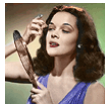
If you don't learn to run in those shoes, you'll never learn to run at all.



 [ace_cub_reportr](#)

[March 31 2008, 16:15:46 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

That reminds me, did I ever tell you about the time I wound up dressed as Audrey Hepburn for a fundraiser dinner?



 [Ometotchtli](#)

[March 31 2008, 17:53:25 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

No, but you'd better.



 [cvillette](#)

[March 31 2008, 15:22:10 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

[Avenue Q Voice] "Play Scrabble with the Platypus!" [/Avenue Q Voice]

Thank you

This is Patricia Andreoli, wife of Daphne Worth, who you all knew as Trollcatz. Daphne died

...And there goes the weekend

But hey, we got a day and a half of this one! And I got to sleep in for two whole mornings. Too bad

As a law

enforcement
professional--